COMING TO THE KING.

Coming to the King

Happy are
thy men, happy
are these thy
servants, which
stand continually
before Thee and
that hear Thy
wisdom.

1. Kings X. 8

Coming to the King

By

Frances Ridley Havergal.

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Coming to the King.

I came from very far to see
The King of Salem, for I had
been told
Of glory and of wisdom manyfold,
And condescension infinite and free.
Now could I rest, when I had
heard his fame,
In that dark lonely land of death,
from whence I came?

I came (but not like Sheba's queen), alone!
No stately train, no costly
gifts to bring;
No friend at court, save One the King!
I had requests to spread before
His throne,
And I had questions, none could solve for me,
Of import deep,
and full of mystery.

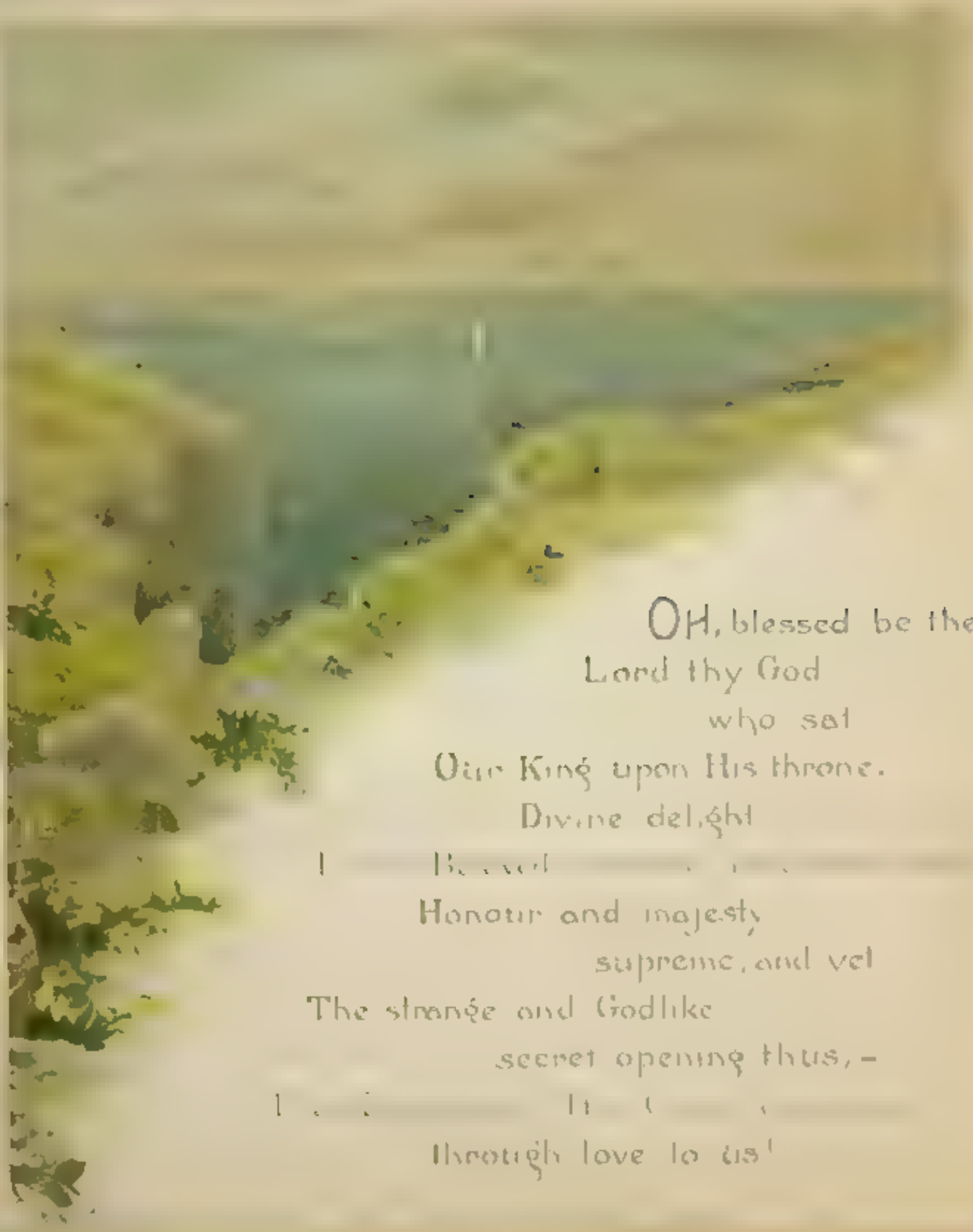
I came and
communed with
that mighty King
And told Him all
my heart; I cannot say,
In mortal ear, what
communings were they.
But wouldst thou know,
go too, and meekly bring
All that is in thine heart,
and thou shalt hear
His voice of love and power,
His answers sweet and clear

O happy end of every weary quest!
He told me all I needed, graciously: –
Enough for guidance, and for victory
O'er doubts and fears,
enough for quiet rest,
And when some veiled response
I could not read,
It was not hid
from Him,
this was enough
indeed.

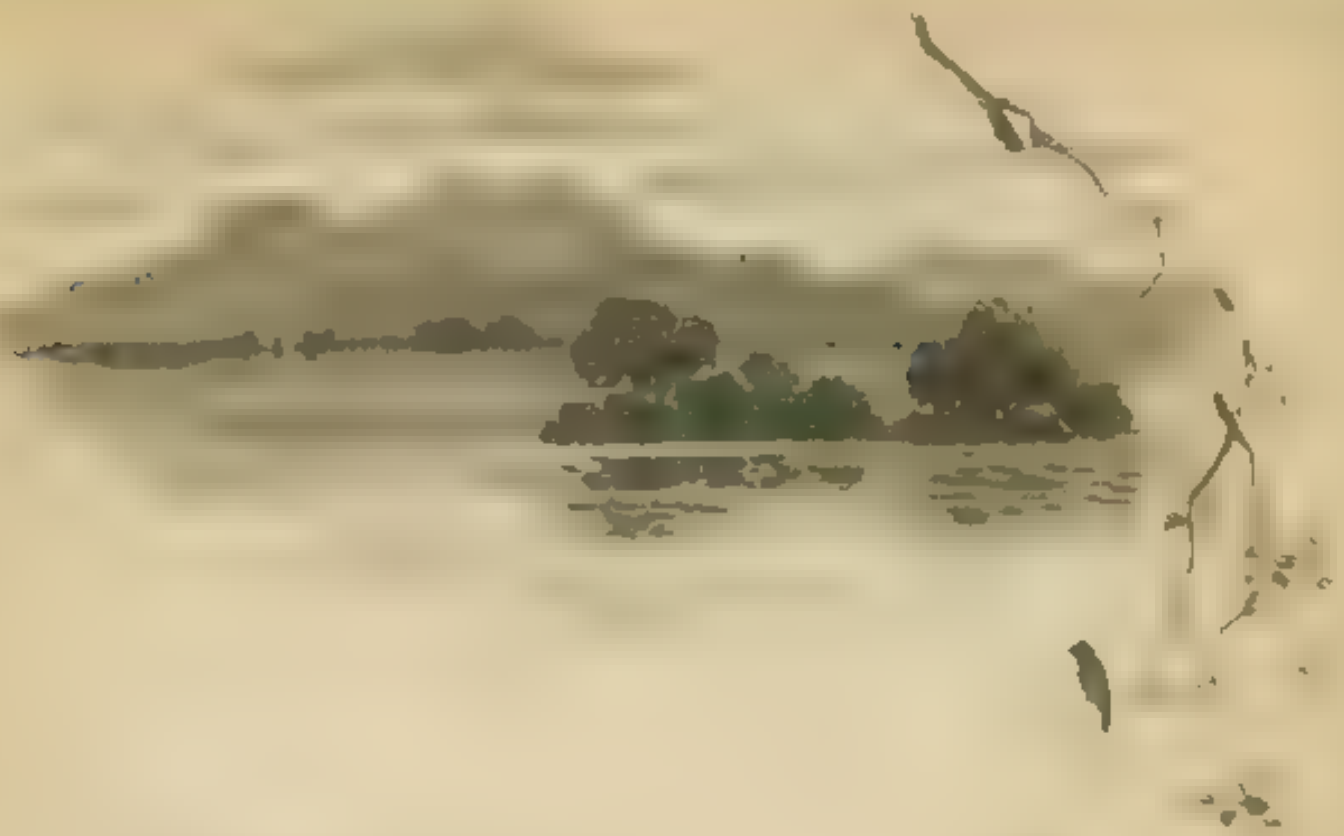
His wisdom and His glories passed before
My wondering eyes in gradual revelation
The house that He had built,
its strong foundation,
Its living stones; and, brightening
more and more
Fair glimpses of that palace far away,
Where all his loyal ones
shall dwell with Him for aye.

TRUE the
report that reached
my far-off
land
Of all His wisdom
and transcendent
fame,
Yet I believed not until I came,
Bowed to the dust till raised by royal hand.
The half was never told
by mortal word;
My King exceeded all the
fame that I had heard.

Oh happy are His servants!
happy they
Who stand continually before His face,
Ready to do His will of wisest grace!
My King! is mine such
blessedness to-day?
For I too hear Thy
wisdom line by line,
Thy ever brightening words
in holy radiance shine.



OH, blessed be the
Lord thy God
who sat
Our King upon His throne.
Divine delight
[illegible]
Honour and majesty
supreme, and yet
The strange and Godlike
secret opening thus, –
[illegible]
through love to us!



What, [illegible]

to my g[illegible]ous King

I have but that which

I receive from Thee

And what I [illegible]e, Thou

givest back to me,

Transmuted by Thy touch

each worthless thing

Changed to the preciousness

of gem or gold,

And by thy blessing multiplied

a thousand fold

All my desire Thou grantest
whatsoever I ask
Was ever mythic tale or dream so bold
as this reality,
This stream of boundless blessi
flowing full and free?

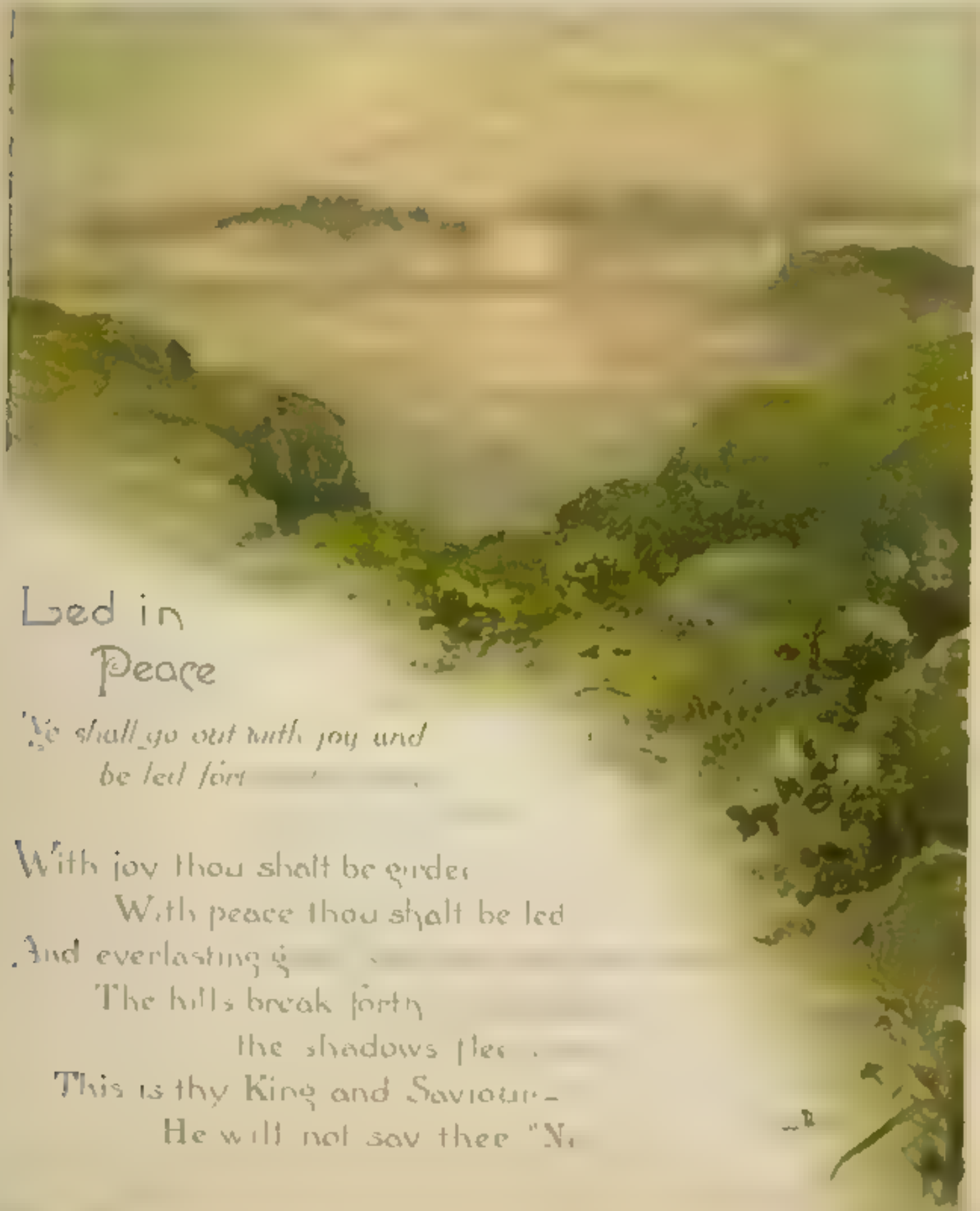
Now – I will turn to my
own land and tell,
What I myself have
seen and heard of Thee,
And give Thine own sweet
message, "Come and see"
And yet in heart
and mind for ever dwell
[illegible]
in loyal rest,
Within the fair pavilion of
Thy presence blest.

J. R. HAVERGAL

Our King.

O Saviour, precious Saviour,
Whom yet unseen we love,
O Name of might and favour
All other names above!
We worship Thee, we bless Thee
To Thee alone we sing
W[illegible]
Our holy Lord and King.

In Thee all fulness dwelleth
All grace and power divine
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine!
We worship Thee, we bless Thee
To Thee alone we sing,
We praise Thee and confess Thee,
Our glorious Lord and King



Led in Peace

Ye shall go out with joy and be led for

With joy thou shalt be guide
With peace thou shalt be led
And everlasting g
The hills break forth
the shadows flee
This is thy King and Saviour—
He will not say thee "N

His Presence

Oh! Saviour if
Thy presence here
Can such bright joy impart
What must it
be in that sweet home
Where Thou its glory art
[illegible]
One glimpse of Thy dear face
Kindles a glow in lonely hearts,
No cloud can e'er efface

CECILIA HAVERGA.

Springs of Peace

Springs of peace,
when conflict heightens
Thine uplifted
eye shall see

Peace that strengthens calms,
and brightens,
Peace itself a victory

Through the bitter wells of woe
Founts of hidden gladness, bring,
Joy that earth can ne'er bestow

The
We come to
the King

Midst the darkness,
storm, and sorrow,
One bright gleam I see,
Well I know the 'blessed morrow
Christ will come for me

[illegible]
Of the Father's home,
[illegible]
Waiting till I come.

I [illegible]
By the desert road;
Now I see the golden towers –
City of my God.

[illegible]
He is waiting yet;
On His hands a name is graven,
He can ne'er forget

[illegible]
Sweeter to His ear
[illegible]
Ever drawing near

[illegible]
Glorious, bright and fair,
[illegible]
Still is wanting there.

Who is this who comes to meet me
On the desert way,
[illegible]
God's unclouded day?

He is who came to win me
On the cross of shame
In His glory well I know Him,
Evermore the same

Oh! the blessed joy of meeting
All the desert past!
Oh! the wondrous words of greeting
He shall speak at last!

He and I together entering
Those bright courts above
He and I together sharing
All the Fathers love

Where no shade nor stain can enter
Nor the gold be dim,
In that holiness unsullied
I shall walk with Him

Meet companion then for Jesus
From Him for Him made
Glory of Gods grace for ever
There in me displayed

HE who in His
hour of sorrow
Bore the curse alone
I who through
the lonely desert
Trod where He had gone

He and I in that bright glory
One deep joy shall share
Mine to be for ever with Him
His that I am there

The Song of Love

The King of love my Shepherd is
Whose goodness fo
I nothing lack I I am His
And He is mine for

Where streams of living waters flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth

God is Love and God is Light

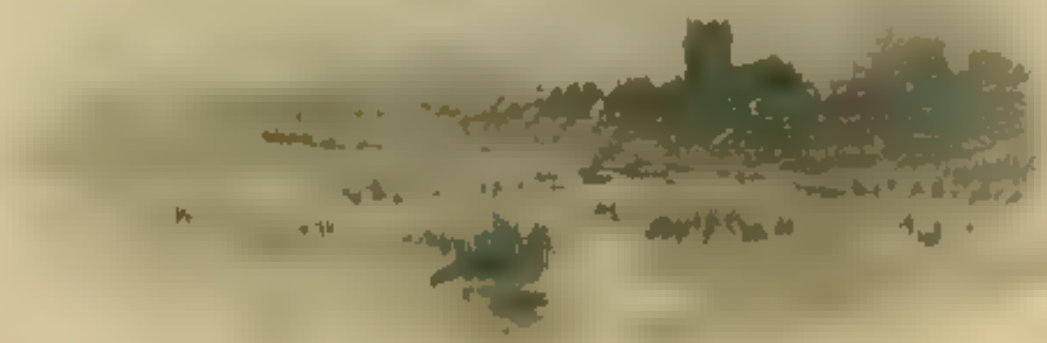
God is Love, His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove,
Bliss He forms, and woe He lightens
God is Light and God is Love

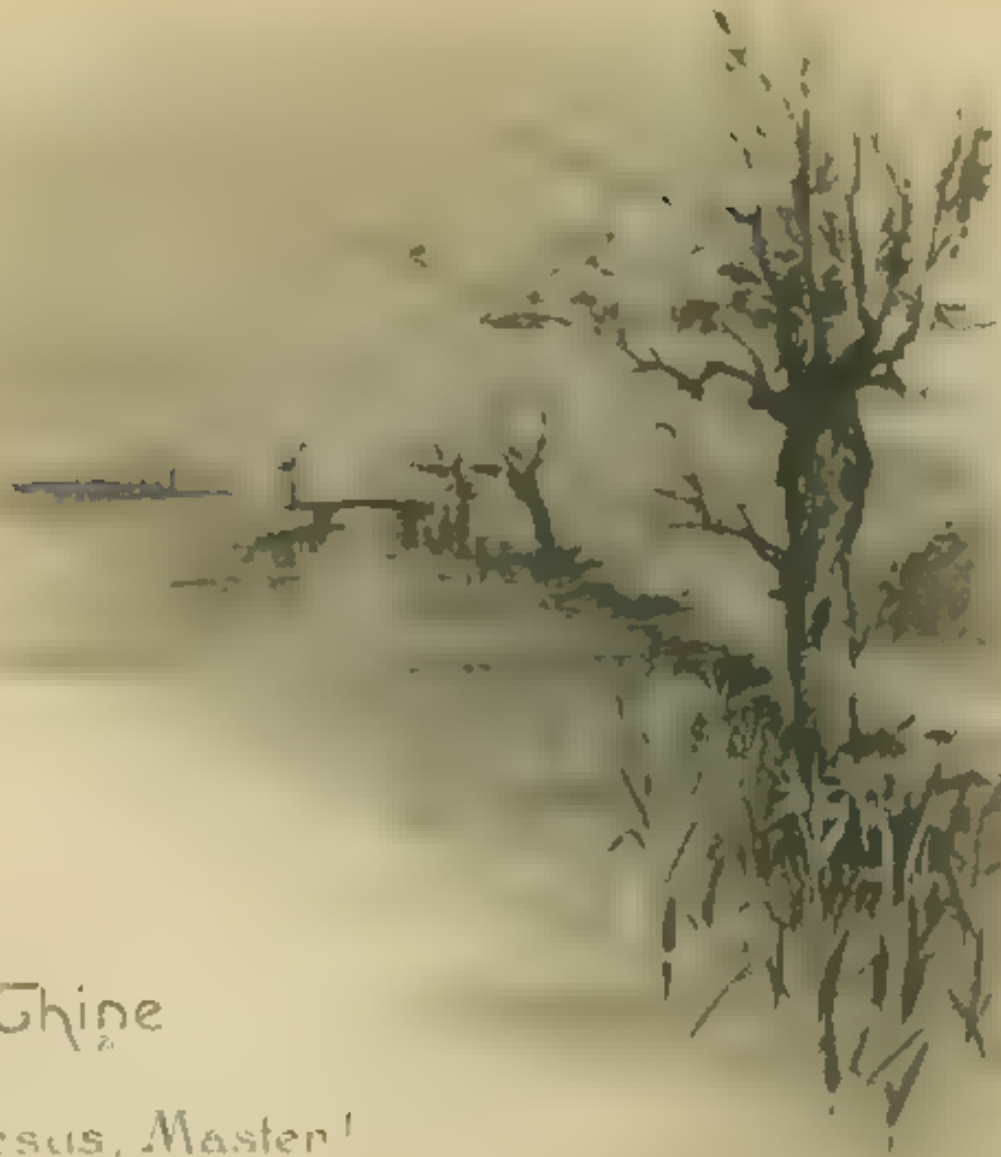
Chance and change are busy ever
Worlds decay, and ages move
But His mercy waneth never
God is Light and God is Love

[illegible]

[illegible]
Now trembling towards the new-found
light dost flee,
[illegible]
Thine eyes shall see
[illegible]
Thine eyes shall see!

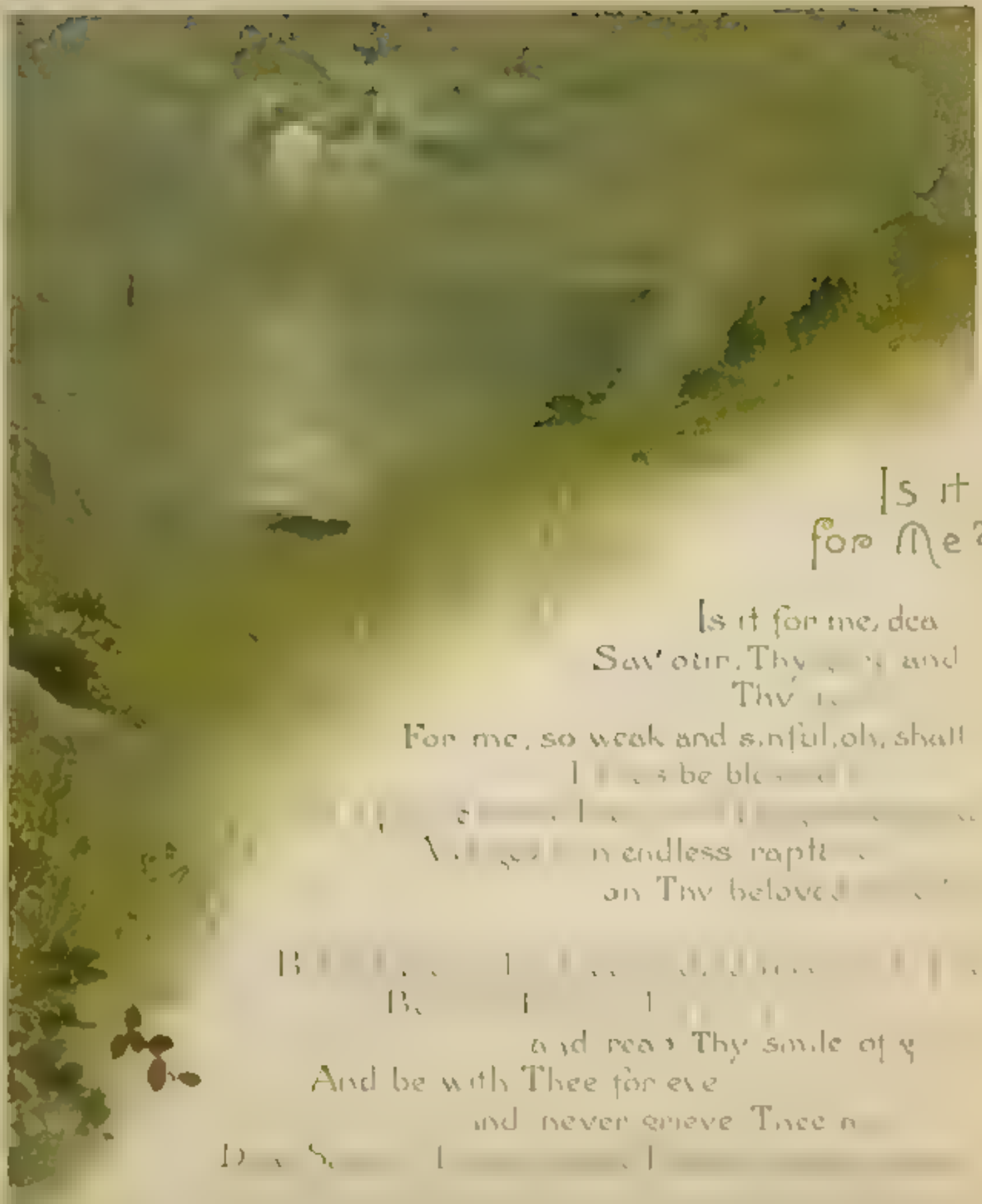
[illegible]
Thine eyes shall see!





I am Thine

Jesus, Master!
I am Thine
Keep me faithful
keep me near,
Let Thy [illegible]nce in me shine
All my homeward way to cheer,
Jesus! at Thy feet I fall,
Oh, be Thou my all in all



Is it for Me?

Is it for me, dea
Sav'our, Thy [illegible] and
Thy [illegible]
For me, so weak and sinful, oh, shall
I [illegible] be bl[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] n endless rapt[illegible]
on Thy belove[illegible]

B[illegible]
B[illegible]
and read Thy smile of g
And be with Thee for eve
and never grieve Thee n
D[illegible]

Going to Christ

I go to Christ
my Saviour
With every little
need.
The help He always
gives me
Is wonderful
indeed.

I go when I am
mourning
The loss of loved ones near
[illegible]

He doth my spirit cheer

I go when I am fearing
The crose of all will fail
He sendeth me the needful means
And thus doth prayer prevail

My King
and Master

Let me serve Thee humbly,
Thine be all the praise,
'Tis Thy love alone which
tunes my feeble lays;
Let me serve Thee quickly - Time
will soon be o'er
I would fain lead many to
heaven's peaceful shore

Let me serve Thee ever,
from morning until eve
My earliest and my latest breath,
my King, Thou shall receive.
And oh when service here is
spent, and Heaven is won
Grant that I too, dear Master
may hear Thy sweet "Well done!"

Under His Shadow.

"Under His shadow," with Christ alone
Here, love He whispers in
tenderest tone;
Treasures unfolding, riches of grace,
Thus for life's battle my
soul doth He brace.

"Under His shadow," a near page of life,
Opens before me, apart from the strife
Oh! wilt Thou show me, Master and King
How I may glory unto Thee bring!

"Under His shadow," may life be passed
Daily and hourly on till the last,
Then no more shadows;
all shall have fled
When we awake like Jesus our Head.

W. A. SMILEY.

I sat down
under His
shadow with great
delight.
Cant II. 3.